INDIANA STATE SENTINEL.

PUBLISHED BY J. P. CHAPMAN. THE PRICE OF FREEDOM IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE. G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN, EDITORS.

2$ a Year, in advance.] INDIANAPOLIS, TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1843. [Volume III.....Number 9.

THE STATE SENTINEL

Is published every Tuesday—Office on Washington Street, Southeast of the State House.

☞The State Sentinel will contain about twice as much reading matter, on all subjects of general interest, as any other paper in the State.

TERMS.—Two dollars a year, always in advance. In no instance will more than one number be sent till the money is received. Subscribers will receive due notice a few weeks before the expiration of each year or term, and if the payment for a succeeding year or term be not advanced, the paper will be discontinued. This rule will be adhered to *in all cases*.

One dollar will be received for six months, and fifty cents for three months—*always in advance*.

Five dollars will be received for three years; or, three papers will be sent one year for the same.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted three times at one dollar a square, (250 ems) and be continued at the rate of 25 cents a square weekly. Quarterly advertisements inserted at $3 a square of 250 ems.

Yearly advertisers will be accommodated on reasonable terms, which should always be made in writing as agreed upon.

All advertisements from abroad *must be accompanied by the cash*, or no attention will be paid to them.

☞Postage must be paid.

A Character of the Rocky Mountains.

We derive the following interesting sketch of an original character, a graduate of one of our colleges, from Farnham's Travels in the Great Western Prairies:

One of the trappers was from New Hampshire; he had been educated at Dartmouth College, and was altogether, one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. A splendid gentleman, a finished scholar, a critic on English and Roman literature, a politician, a trapper, an Indian! His stature was something more than six feet: his shoulders and chest were broad, and his arms and lower limbs well formed and very muscular. His forehead was high and expansive; Casuality, Comparison, Eventuality, and all the perceptive organs, to use a phrenological description, remarkably large; Locality was, however, larger, than any other organ in the frontal region; Benevolence, Wonder, Ideality, Secretiveness, Destructiveness, and Adhesiveness, Combativeness, Self-esteem, and Hope were very high. The remaining organs were low. His head was clothed with hair as black as jet, 2 1-2 feet in length, smoothly combed and hanging down his back. He was dressed in a deer-skin frock, leggings and moccasins; not a shred of cloth about his person. On my first interview with him, he addressed me with the stiff, cold formality of one conscious of his own importance; and, in a manner that he thought unobserved, scrutinized the movement of every muscle of my face, and every word that I uttered. And when any thing was said of political events in the States or Europe, he gave silent and intense attention. I left him without any very good impression of his character, for I had induced him to open his 'compressed mouth but once, and then to make the no very agreeable inquiries—"When do you start?" and "What route do you take?" At my second interview, he was more familiar. Having ascertained that he was proud of his learning, I approached him through that medium. He seemed pleased at this compliment to his superiority over those around him, and at once became easy and talkative. His 'Alma Mater' was described and re-described; all the fields, and walks, and rivulets, the beautiful Connecticut, the evergreen primitive ridges lying along its banks, which, he said, "had smiled for a thousand ages on the march of decay;" were successive themes of his gigantic imagination. His descriptions were minute and exquisite. He saw in every thing all that Science sees, together with all that his capacious Intellect, instructed and imbued with the wild fancyings and legends of his race, could see. I inquired the reason of his leaving civilized life for a precarious livelihood in the wilderness. "For reasons found in the nature of my race," he replied. "The Indian's eye cannot be satisfied with a description of things, how beautiful soever may be the style, or the harmonies of verse in which it is conveyed. For neither the periods of burning eloquence, nor the mighty and beautiful creations of the imagination, can unbosom the treasures and realities as they live in their own native magnificence on the eternal mountains, and in the secret, untrodden vale.

As soon as you thrust the ploughshare under the earth, it teems with worms and useless weeds. It increases population to an unnatural extent—creates the necessity of penal enactments—builds the jail—erects the gallows—spreads over the human face a mask of deception and selfishness—and substitutes villainy, love of wealth and power, and the slaughter of millions for the gratification of some royal cut-throat, in the place of the single-minded honesty, the hospitality, the honor and the purity of the natural state. Hence, wherever Agriculture appears, the increase of moral and physical wretchedness induces the thousands of necessities, as they are termed, for abridging human liberty; for fettering down the mind to the principles of right, derived, not from nature, but from a restrained and forced condition of existence. And hence my race, with mental and physical habits as free as the waters that flow from the hills, become restive under the rules of civilized life; dwindle to their graves under the control of laws, and customs, and forms which have grown out of the endless vices and the factitious virtues of another race. Red men often acquire and love the Sciences. But with the nature which the Great Spirit has given them, what are all their truths to them? Would an Indian measure the height of a mountain that he could climb? No, never. The legend of his tribe tell him nothing about quadrants, and base lines and angles. Their old braves, however, have for ages watched from the cliffs the green life in the spring, and the yellow death in the autumn, of their holy forests. Why should he ever calculate an eclipse? He always knew such occurrences to be the doings of the Great Spirit. Science, it is true, can tell the times and seasons of their coming; but the Indian, when they do occur, looks through Nature, without the aid of Science, up to its cause. Of what use is a Lunar to him? His swift canoe has the swift embowered shores, and well known headlands to guide its course. In fine, what are the arts of peace, of war, of agriculture, or any thing of civilized life, to him? His nature and its elements, like the pine which shadows his wigwam, are too mighty, too grand, of too strong a fibre, to form a stock on which to engraft the rose or the violet of polished life. No. I must range these hills; I must always be able to out-travel my horse; I must always be able to strip my own wardrobe from the backs of the deer and buffalo; and to feed upon their rich loins; I must always be able to punish my enemy with my own hand, or I am no longer an Indian. And if I am any thing else, I am a mere imitation, an ape." The enthusiasm with which these sentiments were uttered, impressed me with an awe I had never felt for the unborrowed dignity and independence of the genuine, original character of the American Indian. Enfeebled, and reduced to a state of dependence by disease and the crowding hosts of civilized men, we find among them still, too much of their own, to adopt the character of another race; too much bravery to feel like a conquered people; and a preference of annihilation to the abandonment of that course of life consecrated by a thousand generations of venerated ancestors.

This Indian has been trapping among the Rocky Mountains for seventeen years. During that time he has frequently been employed as an express to carry news from one trading post to another, and from the Mountains to Missouri. In these journeys he has been remarkable for the directness of his course, and the exceedingly short spaces of time required to accomplish them. Mountains that neither Indian nor white man dared attempt to scale, if opposing his right line, he has crossed. Angry streams, heavy and cold from the snows, and plunging and roaring among the girding caverns of the hills, he has swam; he has met the tempest as it groaned over the plains, and hung upon the trembling towers of the everlasting hills; and without a horse, or even a dog, traversed often the terrible and boundless wastes of mountains and plains, and desert valleys through which I am travelling; and the ruder the blast, the larger the bolts and the louder the peals of the dreadful tempest, when the earth and the sky seemed joined by a moving cataract of flood and flame, driven by the wind, the more was he like himself, a free, unmarred manifestation of the sublime energies of Nature. He says he never intends again to visit the States or any other part of the earth "which has been torn and spoiled by the slaves of agriculture." "I shall live," said he, "and die in the wilderness." And assuredly he should thus live and die. The music of the rushing waters should be his requiem, and the Great Wilderness his tomb.

WESTERN JUSTICE.—The most efficient use the old squire made of his judicial authority, was upon the occasion of a fight between him and old Jack Crow, at a cotton picking. They were both widowers, and rival suitors for the affections of the plump and saucy widow Jenkins. After picking of cotton was over, there was a fiddle and a tin pan introduced, a tune struck up, and also a dance. The old squire was on the floor with the widow for a partner, and old Jack was in the circle that surrounded the dancers, looking on like a poor man at a frolic. The old squire, in passing, purposely put his heel on Jack's toe. This he repeated several times, until old Jack insisted upon a fight, as a matter of redress. The old squire told him "agreed," and at it they went; but the old squire being the most active of the two, got the start of Jack, and beat him a good deal before the old fellow could get under "headway," but when old Jack did get himself in motion, he was about to prove too hard for the old squire, when suddenly he pushed old Jack away from him, and roared out in a commanding tone, "I command the peace." Instantly old Jack stopped as if spell bound. "If you say a word," said the old squire, "I will fine you ten dollars." They stood and gazed at each other for some time, like two tired chickens, until the old squire said, "at it agin," and at it they went, the old squire again getting the start, and beating old Jack almost into a mummy before he could get under way, and no sooner had Jack obtained the advantage, than the old squire roared out again, "I command the peace," and instantly the fight ceased. It is almost useless to add, that the old squire took the widow's eye, and afterwards married her. Poor old Jack, he did not know what was once said by a member of the Missouri Legislature, "that even the Governor was no more in a fight, than any other man."

LOCUSTS AS FOOD.—We are told that locusts have been used from time immemorial as food, by different tribes of Arabians, who even catch them in great quantities, and expose them in the public markets for sale. Niebuhr, the Danish traveller, observes, that the locust when it first makes its appearance, is lean and emaciated, and it is only after it is fattened on the herbage, that the Arabs consider it a delicacy. The Jews, as well as the Arabs, ate them. Dr. Shaw compares the taste of the locust of Barbary, where they are also eaten, to that of the cray fish. Hasselquist, a pupil of the celebrated Linnæus, during his travels in Syria and Egypt, learned that the Arabs and Ethiopeans ate locusts—and, when a scarcity prevailed at Mecca, they were bruised in mortars, and baked in cakes, which were used as bread. They were likewise eaten when there was no scarcity, though prepared in a different manner. Sparrman states that the Hottentots feed on the immense swarms of locusts that appear at different intervals, and chiefly prefer the females, which are most easily caught from the shortness of their wings, and the distension of their bodies with eggs. All these facts are confirmed by other travellers, which leave no doubt that both ancient and modern nations have fed on locusts; and that the various modes in which they are yet prepared, may vie with the nicest refinements of European luxury.

'BENEFIT OF CLERGY.'—There is scarce a phrase in our language the meaning of which is more misunderstood, than that of 'benefit of clergy.' The idea which comes into their minds is, that he was deprived of all ghostly consolation, and was not permitted in his last hours to benefit by the prayers and conversation of some pious clergyman. This opinion is an erroneous one, as is likewise the belief that the guilty among the clergy were exempted from punishment on account of their learning, which exemption was extended to all learned men, who thus had 'benefit of clergy.' The 'benefit of clergy' had its origin in one of those legal fictions with which that blood-breathing code, the English law abounds. Since the beginning of the eleventh century, all felonies in England have been punished with death. Now the clergy did not admit the right of the common tribunals to try them, but claimed to be tried by the ecclesiastical courts, as a *benefit* of their sacred order; which claim was allowed, and felons proved to be church officials, were discharged by the civil magistrate. In the course of time, it was thought proper to extend this exemption to laymen, no doubt with the idea of indirectly mollifying the severity of the law, it being the common practice of the English, and especially of English lawyers, to choose the most roundabout way of abating an evil, as if they were ashamed to be seen performing any good work. Rather than modify their cruel code, they chose, in the reign of Elizabeth, by a legal action, to give to every one the '*benefit of clergy*,' that is to say, to give 'every culprit, whether a bricklayer or an attorney, the same exemption from capital punishment, or from the jurisdiction of the civil court, as if he were in orders.' Thus any person could plead his or her clergy, and was allowed the 'benefit' thereof. To prevent, however, the abuse of so estimable a privilege, and to avoid the bringing of so acute a contrivance into disrepute, it was provided, that all the laity was claimed the 'benefit of clergy, should be burnt in the hand, 'to show that they could have their clergy but once,' which has been called 'a pleasant kind of certificate, written in fire and blood, the ordinary characters of the English criminal law.' But there were exceptions to the plea of clergy, or rather exceptions were made to it by express statutes. These statutes took away the 'benefit of clergy' in certain cases, in other words, they prohibited the accused from pleading his clergy, and he was put on his trial in a secular court. They did not say, in most cases, that any man should suffer death, but they took away from him the 'benefit of clergy,' which amounted to precisely the same thing. Thus in Eliz. c. iv, which is directed against 'a certain kind of evil-disposed persons' commonly called cut-purses, or pickpurses,' it is enacted by parliament, 'that no person or persons, which hereafter shall happen to be indicted or appealed, for felonious taking of any money, goods or chattels, from the person of any other, privily without his knowledge, in any place whatsoever, and thereupon found guilty, by a verdict of twelve men, or shall confess the same upon his or their arraignment, or will not answer directly to the same, according to the laws of this realm, or shall stand wilfully, or of malice, or obstinately mute, challenge peremptorily, above the number of twenty, or shall be upon such indictment or appeal outlawed, shall from henceforth not be admitted to have the *benefit of his or their clergy*, but utterly excluded thereof, and shall suffer death in such manner and form as *they should if they were no clerks*.' By 10 and 11 Wm. III. c. 23, burglars and shoplifters who shall steal any thing of the value of *five shillings*, 'are absolutely debarred and excluded from the *benefit of clergy!*' So by 12 Anne, c. 7, the 'benefit of clergy' is taken from persons who shall steal any thing of the value of forty shillings from any dwelling house. This statute states that such robberies had been encouraged by the privilege which the robbers had of 'demanding the 'benefit of their clergy.' The same statement is made in 21 Geo. II. c. 45, by which the benefit of their clergy' was taken from persons who committed robberies on board vessels, and upon rivers, &c.—*Freeman.*

AN ALARMING POSSIBILITY.—Dr. Forry of the United States Army, in a late work upon the climate of the United States and its endemic influences, speaks of the immense valley of the Mississippi and Missouri with its vast fertile and level surface, its great and navigable rivers terminating in one main trunk as holding out prospects of opulence and populousness altogether incalculable. The Democratic Review in remarking upon this opinion says that this immense plain is destined to become the seat of a mighty empire, is a result that will inevitably follow unless some convulsion of nature may cause the ocean-lakes on our Canadian frontier to overwhelm it with a catastrophe more formidable than the Deucalion deluge. This possibility of this event, whatever opinion we may entertain of its probability, is sufficiently obvious when we consider that the great lakes have a mean depth of more than one thousand feet, and that their surface is elevated more than three hundred feet above the level of the Mississippi. Should some disruption similar to the New Madrid calamities sunder the frail intervening barrier by which the waters of the lakes and head tributaries of the Mississippi are separated, the devastation that would sweep these plains would find no parallel since the days of old father Noah. Should the chain of volcanic agency of which we occasionally feel some indications break out in the proper spot, this *possibility* might take place much sooner than would be either agreeable or comfortable to us in this region. The cry then would be as in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah, "flee to the mountains!"

A Baby's Complaint.

Oh, mother, dear mother, no wonder I cry,
More wonder, by far, that your baby don't die;
No matter what ails me—no matter who's here,
No matter how hungry the 'poor little dear,'
No matter if full, or all out of breath,
She trots me, and trots me, and trots me to death.

I love my dear nurse, but I dread that great knee;
I like all her talk, but woe unto me!
She can't be contented with talking so pretty,
And washing, and dressing, and doing her duty;
And that's very well; I can bear soap and water,
But mother, she is an unmerciful trotter!

Pretty ladies, I want to look at your faces,
Pretty cap, pretty fire, let me see how it blazes;
How can I, my head going bibity bob?
And she trots me the more, the harder I sob;
Oh, mother, do stop her, I'm inwardly sore,
I hiccough and cry, and she trots me the more,
And talks about 'wind,' when 'tis she makes me ache,
Wish 'twould blow her away for poor baby's sake!

Thank goodness, I'm still; oh, blessed be quiet!
I'm glad my dear mother is willing to try it;
Of foolish old customs my mother's no lover,
And the wisdom of this she can never discover:
I'll rest me awhile, and just look about,
And laugh up at Sally, who peeps in and out,
And pick up some notions, as soon as I can,
To fill my small noddle before I'm a man.

Oh dear, is that she? is she coming so soon?
She's bringing my dinner with soap and spoon;
She'll hold me with one hand, in t'other the cup,
And as fast as it's down, she'll just shake it up;
And thumpity thump with the greatest delight,
Her heel is going from morning till night;
All over the house you may hear it, I'm sure,
Trot—trotting! Just think what I'm doomed to endure!

The Mother.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Who, when my infant life was young,
Delighted, o'er my cradle hung?
With pity sooth'd each childish moan,
And made my little griefs her own?
Who, sleepless, watched in hours of pain,
Nor smil'd till thou wert well again?
Who sorrow'd from my side to part,
And bore thee, absent, on her heart?
Thy Mother, boy! How can'st thou pay,
Her tender care, both night and day?

Who join'd thy sports with cheerful air?
And joy'd to see thee strong and fair?
Who, with fond pride to guest and friend,
Would still the darling child commend?
Whose tears in secret, flow'd like rain,
If sin or woe thy life did stain?
And who, with prayer's unceasing sigh,
Besought for thee, a home on high?
Thy Mother, boy! How can'st thou pay
Her tireless love by night and day?

Bear on thy brow the lofty smile
Of upright duty, free from guile,
With earnest diligence restrain
The word, the look, that gives her pain;
If weary toil her path invade,
Come, fond, and fearless, to her aid,
Nerve thy young arm, her steps to guide—
If fades her cheek, be near her side,
And by a life of goodness pay
Her care and love by night and day.

Apostrophe to Erin.

Land of the Shamrock! Island of the brave!
Thy broad, green fields are trodden by the slave,
But my weak hand one flower of song will cast
On the dark tomb that hides thy buried Past.
Dim is thy 'scutcheon with obscuring dust,
And dark thy spear with thick, corroding rust;
The sword of Brefny, with its terror gone,
Hangs in its scabbard, bruised and undrawn;
No garland braids thy brow of settled gloom—
Thy red-haired Chief lies hath a noteless tomb—
No banner floats from Tara's mouldered walls,
And heard no more is harping in thy halls.
Gone is the *Chief* who wept thy waning day,
Woke on thy mournful shore his wondrous lay
Flowing so wildly sweet to mortal ear,
That even trailed Oppression paused to hear;
The gate of grandeur and the cottage door
Are open flung to welcome him no more—
Thy lonely exile under distant skies,
Starts at the name of Carolan and sighs—
True bard who perished, warbling to life's close
Thy song of sorrow and thy tale of woes.

Oh Erin, yet a pulse beats in my soul!
To earth thy hand hath dashed the damning bowl—
One tear is wiped from off thy cheek of woe,
Pledge that thy star another morn shall know:
Though bondage, black, foul treason and the sword,
Angry deluge on thy brows have poured,
The *Flower of Genius*, watered by thy tears,
Blooms mid the pleading wrecks of former years.
Swept by a Moore, the Harp of Innisfail
Gives out complaining murmurs to the gale;
He found the matchless instrument unstrung,
On its cold frame the spider's web-work hung—
Beneath his hand, from cords forever hushed,
Rich streams of wild, delicious music gushed.
Oh, may the minstrel, ere he looks his last
On thy green fields, revived, behold the past—
Thy *Sun-Burst** glittering on the gale once more—
The long night ended, and my heart ache o'er,
While brave men, wronged, marched forth in stern array
To roll from Glory's tomb the stone away.

Thy Curran, Grattan, Sheridan and Flood,
In the bright vanguard of the mighty stood,
And roused to rend thy unrelaxing chain
The thunders of their eloquence in vain.
In bondage thus thou givest birth to sons
Whom earth enrols among her peerless ones;
What will thy children be when they awake,
And every strand in Grief's black cable break?
Lamps in the hall of Learning to the blind—
Gems of the world—bright polar-stars of mind!
Too long have sable vestments wrapped thy form,
Too long howled round thy naked head the storm!
In freedom's Temple, rescued from disgrace,
The Lear of Nations yet shall find a place.

W. H. C. HOSMER.

*Ancient Banner of Ireland.

Ode by W. C. Bryant.

Mild was the day, the wintry sea
Moaned on New England's strand,
When first the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
With years, should gather round that day;
How love should keep their memories bright;
How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are the bays, but greener still,
Shall round their *spreading fame* be wreathed,
And regions, *now untrod*, shall thrill
With reverence when their names are breathed.

'Till where the sun with softer fires,
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the Pilgrim sires,
This hallowed day, like us, shall keep.

A FANCY.—We find in an old paper, a description of a singular freak of two young women in England, who had been disappointed in marriage, and being intimate friends, formed a singular determination to live together as man and wife, in some place where they were not known. They drew lots to decide who should be the man; the one it fell on assumed the name of James Han. They then set out on their journey, and at last came to Epping, leased a house there, and kept an Inn. James Han was sixteen and his pretended wife seventeen years old. They had a servant, but each performed the duties belonging to their station—They traded honestly, gained a good amount of money, were much respected, and lived together thirty-four years, and at last, the wife died, about which time the discovery was made. James Han served in all the offices of the place, except constable, and had been often foreman in juries, and was to have been Church Warden, if the discovery had not been made.

Printed by a Woman.—The Declaration of Independence as appears from a printed copy in the office of the Secretary of State, transmitted to the Convention in North Carolina in 1777, by John Hancock, and bearing his signature in his own hand writing, as President of the Congress of '76, was originally printed by Mary Catharine Goddard. No wonder that that glorious declaration was so successfully maintained by the gallant spirits of the Revolution.

A PLAYFUL LETTER OF WASHINGTON.—A late number of the Baltimore American has the following:—

At a meeting of the New York Historical Society on the second of May, the President said that he had lately received from Mr. Cochran, for the Society, an autograph letter of General Washington, which he should request the Secretary to read, as he thought it both interesting and valuable, as showing the simplicity of his character, the inconveniences of the times when it was written, and the great economy of his style of living when Commander-in-Chief of the American armies.

The Rev. Mr. Walters, through whom it had come, rose to say that in intention it had been presented by Mr. Cochran to the Society thirty years ago, and it had remained so long in his possession—and remarked that it was particularly interesting, as being almost the only letter of a playful character which had been found among the papers of the father of his Country. The letter was read by Mr. Jay, as follows:—

WEST POINT, Au't 16th, '79.

Dr. Doct.—I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but ought I not to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will.

It is needless to promise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies—for this they had occular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter.

Since our arrival at this happy spot we have had a ham (sometimes a shoulder) of bacon, to grace the head of the table, a piece of roast beef adorns the foot—and a small dish of greens or beans (almost imperceptbile) decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, (and this I suppose she will attempt to do to-morrow) we have two beaf steak pies, or dishes of crabs in addition, one on each side the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be nearly twelve apart.

Of late, we had the surprizing luck to discover, that apples will make pyes, and it's a question if, amidst the violences of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both beef.

If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates—once tin, but now iron, (not become so by the labor of scouring,) I shall be happy to see them.

I am Dr. Dr. yr. obed. servt.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

(Superscribed) Dr. Cochran, New Windsor.

THE WEALTH OF ANTIQUITY.—We find in antiquity some instances of splendid wealth. While writing a magnificent treatise upon contempt for riches, Seneca had contrived to accumulate a little fortune of 85,000,000 francs. An astrologer, named Lentulus, was content with 56,000,000 francs. When Tiberius died, 642,000,000 francs were found in his coffers, not a franc less. In less than a year good Caligula spent the whole of it; there remained not an *as*, not a *quadrans*. The debts of Milo amounted to 120,000,000 francs. Cesar had not 49,000,000 francs, but 49,000,000 creditors before he obtained any public office; the poor fellow was soon enabled to present Cairo with 12,000,000 francs, and Lucius Paulus with 7,500,000 in order to detach them from the party opposed to him; he one day begged Servilia, the mother of Brutus, to accept a trifle in the shape of a pearl worth 550,000,000 francs. Mark Anthony's house was sold to Mesalla for the sum of 10,000,000. A fire destroyed Scaurus's villa, the loss was reckoned at 22,000,000 francs. When Crassus supped with Lucullus, the cost of a sans ceremonie meal amounted to between 40,000 and 100,000 francs and after the death of that refined Consul, the fishes that swam in the pond of his country house were sold for the trifle of 700,000 francs.

Otho spent 26,000,000 on the finishing of a wing of a palace commenced by Nero. One of Caligula's dinners cost 1,800,000 francs. Heliogabalus was more parsimonious; one of his breakfasts only required 520,000 francs. Esopus swallowed a pearl worth 200,000 francs—a gastronomic example also set by Cleopatra. The Esopus was adverted to, (his son by-the-by, melted precious stones to drink at his entertainments!) was not, as you may well suppose, the jolly fabulist and Greek hunchback whom every body is acquainted with, but Claudius Esopus, an actor on the Roman stage, very intimate with Cicero; this opulent historian earned in one day, more than eight hundred Stoic, Pythagoric, or Peripatetician philosophers could pocket in a year. Apicius, the most celebrated gourmet of the 'eternal city,' devoured (we use the proper word) 14,000,000 francs; he then examined his financial situation, when the poor creature found that all that remained was 1,950,000 francs; foreseeing that he must die of hunger, he committed suicide. Crassus when he went to fight the Parthians, and he killed by them, was the possessor of landed estates worth 40,000,000; his slaves, furniture and trinkets were fortunately of a little more value."—*Sear's Family Magazine.*

A BITE.—Alfonso Bombardi, a celebrated sculptor of the Emperor Charles V., was a great coxcomb. He got punished one day by a young lady at Bologna, to whom he took it into his head to make love in a foppish manner. She was his partner at a ball, in the midst of which he turned to her, and heaving a profound sigh, as he looked in her face with what he thought an ineffable softness in his eyes, and, we suppose, with some fantastic writhing gesture, "If 'tis not love I feel, pray what is it?" "Perhaps," said the young lady, "something bites you." The story got abroad, and Alfonzo became the jest of the city.

A SLEEPLESS MAN.—We noticed recently that a Mr. Gourlay, of Boston, had commenced a war against too much indulgence in sleep, showing from his own case, that an individual can do without it for months at a time, if he only would. This case is one of the most extraordinary, perhaps, that has ever occurred, and he has recently given an account of it in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. According to this statement, it seems that he was born with as many natural wants as other persons, and that rest by sleep was one of them. He grew up indulging himself in the enjoyment of this generally supposed requirement of nature, until he was forty years of age, or long enough, one would suppose, to have acquired a habit of sleeping too inveterate to be easily dispensed with. Not so; it was just at that late period of life that Mr. Gourlay discovered the astonishing capabilities of his physical powers, and found that he had been wasting many precious hours in unconscious sleep. He was confined in London "by British tyranny," he says, for three years and eight months, and it was during this period, he thinks, that a habit of living without sleep began to form. He soon after his liberation came to America, and, though *forty-two days* upon the Atlantic, did not sleep a wink. This was pretty well for a beginning, but after taking a warm bath, and a sound snooze, he made a second trial, and did not sleep from that time forward for *three years*. He took laudanum, but that had no effect; he drank whiskey in the hope that it would induce sleep, but it only made him sick. In the early part of 1837, while in Ohio, he was attacked with erysipelas in the leg, and during five months was without sleep. Subsequently, on the death of some of his family, he lay two weeks in great agony, and from that time to this, a period of four years, and six months, he has been entirely deprived of sleep. The last six months of his life have been spent at Boston. His health has been much improved, and he entertains a hope that as soon as he is able to take exercise he will recover. On various occasions, of late, he has been *almost* asleep. This is the account he has given of himself, and it is one of the strangest cases on record. If it is true, and we see no reason for his making a misstatement, the city of Boston ought to engage him immediately in their service. He would make a capital Captain of the *watch*.

PRESENT TO THE TURKISH SULTAN.—A most superb and elaborately finished specimen of English manufacture, intended as a present from Ali Effendi, the Turkish Ambassador, to the Sultan, was yesterday morning inspected by her Majesty and his royal highness Prince Albert, at Buckingham Palace. This costly present, which was manufactured by Mr. Taunton, of Norfolk street, Islington, at a cost of about 500 guineas, is an umbrella of little more than the ordinary size, covered with rich brocaded crimson satin, manufactured in Spitalfield expressly for the purpose. The whole of the metal of which it is composed is of pure gold.

The handle, which opens with a secret spring, contains a gold chronometer, the dial of which is about an inch an a half in diameter. The part containing the chronometer unscrews, and beneath is a sun dial and compass, (the plate of gold,) set with a brilliant of the first water; upon this portion of the handle being unscrewed, the following articles are arranged in six compartments. A thermometer, a pencil case, and watch-key, a knife with two blades, the star and cresent engraved on the handle, a comb, a tooth-pick, and an ornamented circular case containing (in three divisions) 25 leads for the gold pencil-holder. In the next compartment of the handle is a mirror set in a bordering of chased gold.

The tube, which is of gold, highly engraved, with a design of scroll work and flowers, (when divested of the handle and ferule the latter of which contains a powerful microscope, richly ornamented and carved with gold,) is so ingeniously contrived so as to form a telescope, with a twenty miles range having a sliding tube to adapt it to various sights and distances. The whole is enclosed in a red morocco case, lined with green velvet and white satin, with the star and crescent emblazoned at the four corners and in the centre. Two massive handles, and the locks, keys, and hinges, are of solid gold.—*London Times.*

STIMULANTS OF GREAT MEN.—It is interesting to notice the different articles which have been taken by eminent men, as stimulants to the mental faculties. It is interesting, as showing how diametrically opposite means may produce the same effect in various systems; and it is interesting as showing how much the mind sympathizes with the body. Haller drank plentifully of water when he wished for great activity of the brain; Fox for the same purpose used brandy. The stimulants of Newton and Hobbes were the fumes of tobacco; those of Pope and Fontenelle, strong coffee. Dr. Johnson, at one period of his life, was a great wine drinker; but in the latter part of it, found strong tea a good substitute. Don Juan is said to have been written under the influence of gin and water, and it is reported that a certain legal lord, of great learning and talents, plies himself hard with port when he wishes to shine. Pitt was a great drinker of wine; Sheridan, also, was fond of his bottle. Dr. Paris tells us, that when Mr. Dunning wished to make an extraordinary display of eloquence, he always put a blister on his chest a few hours before he was to speak, in order that it might irritate the brain by sympathy during his speech.

New Mode of Taking Fish.—They catch fish at Tonawanda Creek by making them jump into a boat. By presenting the shadow of the boat in the water in such a way as to make it appear to the fish an obstruction, they jump to avoid it. So says the Buffalo Gazette. A pike weighing 20 lbs. was caught in this way lately.